

HANOVER, AUGUST 20, 1803.

HINDU PHILOSOPHER.

LETTER SECOND.

BELOVED EL HASSAN,

FALSE philosophy, striving to impress upon mankind the conviction, that it soars above common pleasures, and common ideas, has ever affected to despise and to degrade that sex, which the great Brunima has given us to alleviate, by their delightful tendernefs, all the pains, and to animate all the joys of this life. Knowing, as thou dost, my warm partiality for this loveliest, best part of creation, thou canst not be surprised, that in all the countries through which I have passed, their happiness has been among the earliest subjects of my investigation.

Know then, that a total renovation of the female character, and a destination in society, totally new, is one grand object contemplated by that new philosophy, of which, in my last epistle, I gave some small account.

Mary Woolstonecraft, a female philosopher of the new school, has written, within these few years past, a book, which she named "*A vindication of the Rights of Woman*;" composed, for the express purpose of rousing her sex from their inglorious repose, and of stimulating them to a vigorous exertion of their native energies.

She discards all that sexual tendernefs, delicacy and modesty, which constitute the female loveliness; boldly pronounces them equal to the rougher sex in every thing but bodily strength; and even imputes their deficiency, in this particular, principally to a falsely refined education. She asserts that a husband is a paltry bauble, compared with the attainments of *reason*; that the female should be subject, or superior to the male, just in proportion to those attainments; and that the want of them constitutes the only obligation for the submission of the wife to the husband. This female philosopher indignantly rejects the idea of a sex in the soul, pronouncing the sensibility, timidity and tendernefs of women, to be merely artificial refinements of character, introduced and fostered by men, to render sensual pleasure more voluptuous. She indeed professes a high regard for chastity; but unfortunately the practice of her life was at war with her precepts. She admitted one *sentimental lover* after another, to the full fruition of her charms, and proved the attainments of reason, to be, in her view, sources of pleasure, far inferior, in value, to the pleasures of sense.

In short, polluted as she was by the last crime of woman, Mary stepped forth as the champion and reformer of her sex; she wished to strip them of every thing feminine, and to assimilate them, as fast as possible, to the masculine character.

O, my dear El Hassan, how opposite her views to every thing, which we deem lovely in the sex! O, lovely Alagra, the brightest gem that sparkles on the beauteous plains of Agimere, how would thy virgin soul shrink back at the contemplation of a female soul *unsexed*, a man in female form!

A complete exhibition of the regenerating system of this female lunatic, would fatigue thy patience, and occupy too large a portion of these epistles.

So singular, however, is her system, and so directly opposed to the received opinions of mankind, that I cannot refrain from tracing an imperfect outline. Not satisfied with masculine ideas, and masculine habits, Mary Woolstonecraft wished, as the consummation of female independence, to introduce the sex into the Camp, the Rostrum and the Cabinet; and although she does not recommend a total dereliction of the household good, still she would not cramp the female energies by an occupation so much beneath their dignity, except so far, as stern necessity commands.

She seriously advocates the right of female representation—for in this country, and in some parts of Europe, the right of representation, which in an epistle from England, I have already explained, is fully established.

Suppose, my dear friend, that a band of female representatives, beautiful as the thirty Reginis, who, crowned with flowery wreaths, dance to the music of Nared, among the spicy groves of Maldoovan, should mix with a Legislative band; would not the cares of Legislation be excluded by the witchcraft of love! The charms of the fair Orator would plead more powerfully than her tongue, and gallantry would induce compliance, where reason would have stimulated to strenuous opposition.

In the Cabinet, their sway would be still more complete. Smiles, tears and sighs would decide the fate of nations; and beauty would direct the march of armies on the frontiers, and the course of navies upon the ocean.

It is true that in *defensive war only*, Miss Woolstonecraft indulges the idea, which even *she* allows to be an enthusiastic one, of seeing the exploits of ancient heroines renewed, and the deadly weapon directed by the hand of Beauty.

This idea of hers is undoubtedly a most ingenious one. At the sight of a band of heroines, beautiful as the morning, marching forward to the combat, what warrior's sword would not drop from his hand?—what soldier would not surrender himself a prisoner!

Had the God Rama, when he led forth his army of Apes, and spread destruction among his enemies, only exchanged his apes for beautiful virgins, his victory would have been less bloody, and his conquest more complete.

As a necessary preparative for the support of bodily fatigue, the female philosopher recommends an early initiation of females into the athletic sports, and gymnastic exercises of boys and young men.

She would have them run, leap, box, wrestle, fence and fight, that the united exertion of bodily and mental energy may produce, by mysterious co-operation, that amazing force of character, of which she supposes her sex to be capable.

She even recommends that these sports should be mutually shared between girls and boys, that the distinction of sex may remain concealed, until the physical progress of the body, calling into operation the latent passions, shall discover the wonderful secret.

This strange philosopher, my dear El Hassan, has detained me, by the novelty of her doctrines, longer than I intended. Perhaps in some future communication, I may notice some of her remaining tenets; and I intend particularly to delineate the practical influence, which they have already acquired over the female sex in this country.

Keep this philosophy a profound secret from the fair daughters of Hindustan, for, thou canst not divine what influence its novelty, and the idea of independence on man may have over the heart even of the modest, unassuming Hindu.

Salutation to the great GANESA.

BIOGRAPHY.

MEMOIRS OF THE REV. JAMES SAURIN.

THIS justly celebrated divine was born at Nismes, in the year 1677. His father was an eminent protestant lawyer, in high esteem and reputation; but, upon the commencement of the savage persecution, so unjustly raised against the protestants by that haughty tyrant, Lewis XIV. Mr. Saurin, to avoid the fury of the storm, retired with his family to Geneva, soon after the revocation of the Edict of Nantz: in thus acting, he gave a noble proof of his attachment to the gospel, and evinced the sincerity of his faith in the protest-

ant religion. Many there were, who, during the heat of this persecution, shamefully renounced the profession of their religion, and made "shipwreck of faith and a good conscience." But the father of Mr. Saurin was of a different temper and disposition from those time-serving christians. He boldly avowed his principles, and gave up the most brilliant prospects in life; and with his family fled for refuge to a place where he might serve his God, agreeable to the dictates of his conscience, without fear or molestation. Geneva, on various accounts, seemed best calculated to afford a comfortable and peaceful asylum to this venerable confessor and his family; and in this celebrated protestant city he fixed his residence, and there, not many years after, he died. The education Saurin received from so excellent a father was well calculated early to impress his mind with the solemn duties of religion, and to establish his heart in the principles of the Reformation. He early discovered an attachment to literature, and sedulously applied himself to his studies. His proficiency was rapid, and gave a happy presage of his future eminence: but when arrived at the age of seventeen, a circumstance occurred, which, for a time, caused him to relinquish and abandon his studies. He was solicited to enter into the army, and was made a cadet in Lord Galloway's company, in which military capacity he made a campaign in the year 1694. So much was his conduct approved, that, in the following year, his Captain gave him a pair of colours in his regiment, which then served in Piedmont: but the year after, 1696, the Duke of Savoy, under whom Saurin served, having concluded a peace with France, Saurin quitted the profession of arms, for which Providence never designed him, resigned the sword for the gown, and again prosecuted his studies with vigor and unremitted ardour. Geneva, at that period, was the seat of classical literature: professors of the first eminence, and of the most distinguished talents, lectured on divinity, history, philosophy, and the Belles Lettres. Under such men as Turretin, Picet, Tronchin, and Mestrezat, did Saurin study. He had particularly directed his attention to theology.

After having completed his necessary academical studies with peculiar honor, he travelled to England and Holland. In Holland he made but a short stay; but in England he resided near five years, and preached at the churches of the French refugees. During his residence in London he married Miss Catherine Boyton, a lady distinguished for her accomplishments, and of an amiable disposition. Two years after his marriage, Mr. Saurin returned to Holland, where he purposed to settle; but the churches being at that time amply supplied with pastors, he was upon the point of visiting England once more, when he was appointed chaplain to some of the nobility at the Hague, with a genteel stipend, and one of the preachers at the French church in that village. This situation exactly corresponded with his wishes, and he immediately fixed himself at the Hague. The chapel assigned to the refugees for public worship, and where Mr. Saurin usually preached, was in the palace of the Stadtholder; and the congregation who attended upon his ministry were truly brilliant, and highly respectable: many of the high and mighty lords of the Republic, princes, ambassadors, generals, men of science and literature, the most celebrated beaux esprits of the age, were among his hearers;—and such was the splendor of his audience, that he himself was sometimes (as we may judge from various passages in his Sermons) affected with it; and to prevent being dazzled with human greatness, was obliged to exert all his fortitude to enable him to discharge the important duties of his function with integrity and impartiality; and the firmness he displayed in boldly preaching the truth as it is in Jesus; in honestly and plainly advising the consciences of his hearers; reproving the vices of the great, and setting his face as a flint against practices subversive of the gospel morality; his shunning not to

declare the whole council of God, even when called to preach before an assembly the most august that can be imagined—are traits in the character of Saurin which reflect immortal honor upon him, and point him out as a "pattern highly worthy the imitation of those who minister in holy things." But though he spared not in his public discourses the vices of the great, yet he ever made use of the most delicate and respectful language, when addressing those among his hearers who were distinguished by the eminence of their situation, and the dignity of their offices.—How would he have wept over the insatiation and madness of the inhabitants of the provinces in which he resided, and among whom he laboured, had he lived to have seen them voluntarily submit themselves to a nation of atheists—and in the height of their zeal for political reformation, overthrow the altars of the Most High, and disgrace the ministers of religion! How would he have been grieved to see the wildness of democratic rage exhibited in the subversion of all order; and the very dogs of the Republic forming themselves into a national assembly, after having expelled the Stadtholder and his family, and committed a thousand excesses.

The eloquence Mr. Saurin displayed in his pulpit discourses, was beyond all comparison, and produced a most wonderful effect. His congregation were frequently dissolved in tears. Many of his noble hearers came to him frequently when service was ended, with tears in their eyes, thanking him for his faithfulness in the discharge of his office, and acknowledging the benefit they had received from his discourses: nor was this only the reverie of a moment; many, who were before profligates, became sincere penitents, and honored religion by their exemplary conversation and behaviour: many, who had adopted infidel principles, convinced by the force and energy of Mr. Saurin's reasoning, became rational and sincere believers, and he had the pleasure to see the work of the Lord eminently prosper in his hands. Such was his eloquence, that his hearers were astonished and amazed; and a divine of some celebrity, hearing him, exclaimed, in a rapture—"Is it a man, or an angel, who speaks?"—With such uncommon talents no wonder his popularity was great. When it came to his turn to ascend the pulpit, the streets leading to the chapel were thronged for an hour or two before service commenced, and the court-yard crowded with the carriages of the nobility. When the Princess of Wales, afterwards Queen Caroline, passed through Holland in her way to England, Mr. Saurin had the honor to pay his respects to that illustrious lady, and was received with uncommon marks of respect. Her royal highness was pleased to single out Mr. Saurin from the rest of the clergy, and addressed him in the following emphatic language: "Do not imagine that, being dazzled with the glory which this Revolution seems to promise me, I have lost sight of that God from whom it proceeds. He hath been pleased to distinguish it with so many extraordinary marks, that I cannot mistake his divine hand; and as I consider this long train of favors as immediately coming from him, to him alone I consecrate them." Saurin himself relates this anecdote in an elegant dedication of a volume of his Sermons to this illustrious princess. So sensible was she of the talents of Saurin, that she ordered Dr. Boulter, afterwards primate of Ireland, to write to him, intimating her desire that he would draw up a Treatise on Education for the use of his royal highness, Frederick Prince of Wales, father of his present Majesty—This book was never printed. (To be continued.)

BEAUTIES OF SAURIN.

EDUCATION.

TO neglect the education of our children is to let loose madmen against the state, instead of furnishing it with good rulers, or good subjects.—That child intended for the church, what will he become, if he be not animated with such a spirit of religion as ought to enliven a minister of religion? He will turn out a trader in sacred things,

and prove himself a spy in our families—a fomentor of faction in the state, who, under pretence of glorifying God, will set the world on fire. That other child intended for the bar, what will he become unless as much pains be taken to engage him to love justice as to make him know it; or to make him not disguise it as well as he understands it? He will prove himself an incendiary who will sow seeds of division in families, render law-suits eternal, and reduce to indigence and beggary even those clients whose causes he shall have art enough to gain. And that child whom you have rashly determined to push into the highest offices of state, without forming in him such dispositions as are necessary to eminent parts, what will he become? a foolish or a partial judge—who will pronounce on the lives and fortunes of his fellow-citizens just as chance or caprice may impel him; a public blood-sucker, who will live upon the blood and substance of those whom he ought to support: a tyrant, who will raise and depopulate the very cities and provinces which he ought to defend.

SLANDER.

Slander is a vice impure in its source, dangerous in its effects, general in its influence, irreparable in its consequences: a vice that strikes at once three mortal blows; it wounds him who commits it; him against whom it is committed; and him who sees it committed. It is tolerated in society only because every one has an invincible inclination to commit it.

LETTER

From Ganganelli, Pope Clement 14, to Lady Figliani.

THE domestic education of your two daughters is no indifferent matter:—the condition of a mother imposes on you the most important duties. The world will continually interpose between you and your children, if you do not take care to keep it at a distance—not with austerity, which excites only murmuring, but with that prudence which gains confidence.

Your daughters will only prove hypocrites, if you perplex and incumber them with instructions; instead of which they will love Religion, if you know how to make them do so by your example, and by your gentleness.

Girls of twenty are not to be used as if they were but tea; there is a treatment and method of instruction suited to different ages, as well as to different conditions of life.

Encourage a taste for good Authors, and for employment, as much as you can; but with that freedom which does not tie them down to the minute; and with that spirit of discernment which knows how to distinguish what is proper for a secular house, from what would more fitly become a Cloister.

Establish your daughters according to their fortunes and rank, without restraining their inclinations, unless they should tend to dissipation or folly. Marriage is the natural condition of mankind; but there are exceptions to this rule, when it may be dispensed with.

Without being in love with the vanities of the world, do not make yourself ridiculous, by opposing the customs of the times. Piety becomes a subject of raillery, when it appears to affect singularity; a prudent woman should avoid rendering herself remarkable.

When a woman is born to a certain rank of life, she should dress suitably to her pretensions; but still within that line which modesty and decency prescribe.

See that your daughters mix in good company. True devotion is neither rustic nor austere. Solitude ill employed irritates the passions, and it is often better for young people to see well chosen company, than to remain alone. You should inspire them with cheerfulness, that they may not assume a sanctified air. Their recreations should be walking, and little innocent pastimes; and when you come to talk of application, do not mention deep studies, nor abstract sciences, which often make the sex vain and talkative.

Above all things, make yourself beloved; it is the greatest pleasure that a mother can aspire to, and the greatest prerogative she can enjoy, in order to effect the good she proposes.

Take care that your domesticks be religious and honest; if they do not fear God, they are capable of every thing that is bad. They should not be treated either with haughtiness or familiarity, but as people who are of the same nature, though your inferiors. Justice is the mother of Order: every thing is in its proper place, when we act with equity.

Never punish but with regret, and always pardon with pleasure.

Frequent your Parish Church, that the sheep may be often found with their Pastor; it is a practice conformable to the holy Canons, as well as of ancient usage.

Your own wisdom will teach you the rest. I depend much upon your understanding and goodwill, as you may be assured of the respectful consideration with which I have the honour to be, &c.

DON JOHN RODRIGUES DE SA DE MENEZES.

Don John de Menezes, a scholar, a soldier, and a statesman, was high in authority under five successive kings, namely, Alphonso V. John II. Emanuel, John III. and Sebastian; each of whom he served with fidelity and honor. Among his literary works is a collection of poems on the genealogy of the principal families of Portugal; a work which is said to have had the effect of introducing a taste for letters among the rude and untaught nobility of his country.

When King Sebastian was about to embark in that fatal expedition to Africa in which he was slain, Menezes was one of those provident counsellors who strongly remonstrated on the expediency of such a rash and impolitic measure; among other arguments he observed, in an assembly consisting of the King and the principal men of the nation, that if his Majesty persisted in his resolution, the Portuguese monarchy must inevitably expire in Africa; and therefore he would advise, among other equipments, to carry thither a *bier* and a *shroud*, in order to give the monarchy a decent interment in that unhallowed land.

"I once thought you a brave man," replied the boyish King, "but age has chilled your blood and degenerated you into a coward. How old art thou, Cavalier de Menezes?"

"In your Majesty's counsel," rejoined the veteran, in a firm but respectful tone, "I am upwards of five-score years; but in the field of battle, where I am determined to fight under your banners till the last, your Majesty will scarcely think me thirty."

Menezes died in the year 1579, at the beginning of Cardinal Henry's reign, at the age of 115, having seen six different crowned heads on the throne of Portugal.

Intercourse with Antiquity, by the medium of Sculpture.

BUT not alone persuasive PAINTING sways
The Soul's keen sense, in Taste's enchanting maze;
A rival sister, borne on Syren plumes,
Each mystic path with Attic light illumines;
Spell-bound by SCULPTURE, in her Parian grove,
Festive with Pan, to rural strains we move;
Advanc'd—MINERVA points the wond'rous way,
We seek for PHOCION—with the Just man stray;
Converse with PLATO—SOCRATES behold,
And taught by SOLON, scorn barbaric gold.
With HOMER now Olympian heights we tread,
JOVE's pendant curls ambrosial odours shed;
The DELPHIC GOD, destructive Python slain,
Triumphs refulgent in sublime disdain.
Celestial forms display primeval grace,
Expressive pathos moulds the meaning face;
Action expounds the sense of ev'ry age,
And tow'ring Fancy spurns fantastic rage.
Drawn to a focus, SCULPTURE'S antique rays
Kindle in icy hearts a transtic blaze.

A Coquette has been compared to those light wines, which every one tastes, but none buys.

For the LITERARY TABLET.

BENEVOLENCE.

"Wide as the sun his bright dominion spreads,
"Heaven-born benevolence her bounty sheds.
"She, meek-eyed goddess, quits th' angelic sphere
"To banish grief, and dry the human tear."

BENEVOLENCE is a virtue, the most amiable in its nature, and beneficial in its effects. It sheds diffusive lustre, wherever it is exercised. Its cheering influence enlivens the gloomy habitation of sorrow, makes glad some the way of the afflicted, relieves the sorrows of the unfortunate, wipes the big-swell'd tear from the furrowed cheek of grief, and administers a healing balm to the wounds of the distressed.

The motives for it are visible in every part of life. Mortality and imperfection are inscribed on every object around us. Even man, the first in the order of created beings, is frail and unstable. The best of his race are liable to be led astray, and the wisest are not unfrequently in an error. Objects of charity present themselves on all sides, and every day affords us occasion to exercise our candor and benevolence.

The Deity himself, in our creation, and the circumstances in which he has here placed us, has evidently indicated, that man was formed for the exercise of the social affections. He has made us mutually dependent, and ever exposed to want and misfortune. He has so intimately blended our duty and interest, that while performing the one, we directly subserve the other. More than this, he has given us a glorious example of benevolence, in creating us rational agents, in endowing us with intellectual faculties, which constitute the dignity of our nature, in affording us so many fountains of pleasure, but above all by implanting within us sympathetic feelings, from the exercise of which, we derive the most noble and voluptuous enjoyment.

Benevolence, at the same time it tends to individual happiness, promotes the common good. Were all men actuated by a spirit of philanthropy, there would be an end to broils and dissensions. Instead of wars, factions, and disturbances in communities, we should see mankind united as brethren, and mutually reciprocating good offices. All motives of self-interest would be absorbed in the more generous desires, of increasing the general welfare. Peace would extend her 'olive-branch,' and under her mild reign, the great family of man would enjoy security and happiness.

No longer would the poor cry for bread in the streets. The unfortunate widow, in the day of her affliction, would no longer be destitute of a helper, and the mild voice of charity would become responsive, to the plaintive wail of the orphan. Reason would usurp the place of passion, and man, no longer seeking revenge in his neighbor's suffering, would bury all wrongs in oblivion, and forgive even the seventy-seventh offence.

Not only should benevolence be employed in relieving the misfortunes of others, but in forming an opinion of their actions and character.—Too liable are we, in our judgments of persons, to be swayed by prejudice, or partiality. Too often is it the case, that the innocent suffer by rash and inconsiderate determinations.

When we consider the frailty of our natures, and how cautious we ought to be of injuring another's good reputation, we shall find it more for mutual convenience, to forgive, than to censure, and instead of depreciating another's merit, to draw the mantle of charity o'er the imperfections of a brother.

OLIVIO.

PRACTICAL EDUCATION.

CHILDREN may learn much from their play-things when they are judiciously chosen, and when the habit of reflection and observation is associated with the ideas of amusement and happiness. A little boy of nine years old, who had had a hoop to play with, asked "why a hoop or a plate, if rolled upon its edge, keeps up as long as it rolls, but falls as soon as it stops, and will not

stand, if you try to make it stand still upon its edge." Was not the boy's understanding as well employed whilst he was thinking of this phenomenon, which he observed whilst he was beating his hoop, as it could possibly have been by the most learned preceptor? When a pedantic school-master sees a boy eagerly watching a paper kite, he observes, "What a pity it is that children cannot be made to mind their grammar as well as their kites;" and he adds perhaps some peevish ejaculation on the natural idleness of boys, and that pernicious love of play against which he is doomed to wage perpetual war. A man of sense will see the same sight with a different eye; in this pernicious love of play he will discern the symptoms of a love of science, and instead of deploring the natural idleness of children, he will admire the activity which they display in the pursuit of knowledge. He will feel that it is his business to direct this activity, to furnish his pupil with materials for fresh combinations, to put him on to let him put himself, in situations where he can make useful observations, and acquire that experience which cannot be bought, and which no masters can communicate.

AGRICULTURAL.

Transactions of the Society instituted at London, for the encouragement of Arts, &c.

Mr. Sneyd's letter on preserving seeds, in a flag fit for vegetation, conveys a hint which, we believe is new, and we think that it may be useful. [Mon. Rev.]

"MANY years ago, having observed some seeds which had got accidentally amongst raisins, and that they were such as are generally attended with difficulty to raise in England, after coming in the usual way from abroad, I sowed them in pots, within a framing; and as all of them grew, I commissioned my sons, who were then abroad, to pack up all sorts of seeds they could procure in absorbent paper, and send some of them surrounded by raisins, and others by brown moist sugar; concluding that the former seeds had been preserved by a peculiarly favorable state of moisture thus afforded them. It occurred, likewise, that as many of our common seeds, such as clover, charlock, &c. would lie dormant for ages within the earth, well preserved for vegetation whenever they might happen to be thrown to the surface, and exposed to the atmosphere, so these foreign seeds might be equally preserved, for many months at least, by the kindly covering and genial moisture that either raisins or sugar afforded them; and this conjecture was really fulfilled, as not one in twenty of them failed to vegetate, when those of the same kinds, that I ordered to be sent lapped in common parcels, and forwarded with them, would not grow at all. I observed, upon examining them all before they were committed to the earth, that there was a prevailing dryness in the latter, and that the former looked fresh and healthy, and were not in the least infested by insects, as was the case with the others. It has been tried repeatedly to convey seeds (of many plants difficult to raise) closed up in bottles, but without success; some greater proportion of air, as well as a proper state of moisture, perhaps, being necessary. I should also observe, for the satisfaction of the Society, that no difference was made in the package of the Seeds, respecting their being kept in husks, pods, &c. so as to give those in raisins or sugar any advantage over the others, all being sent equally guarded by their natural teguments. Whether any experiments of this nature have been made by others, I am totally ignorant; but I think that, should this mode of conveyance be pursued still more satisfactorily than I have done, very considerable advantages might result from it."

FRENCH REVOLUTION.

Gallia! though stern Oppression's iron arm
Hung o'er thy plains, blasting each genial charm,
Thy gallant nobles knew with gentlest care
To heal by courtesy the wounds of war.
Semblance alone of mercy—for beneath,
Writhed the fell serpent in the flowery wreath.
The showy plumes that valour's crest adorn,
From pining Labour's wretched hands were torn,
And the kind smile that cheer'd the suppliant foe,
Frown'd unrelenting on domestic woe.

The hour of vengeance comes!—but vengeance
drest'd

In such dire horrors, that a rival's breast,—
An envied, injur'd rival's—swells with grief
At ills that pass excess, and mock belief.
The hour of vengeance comes!—Justice in vain
Tries with numb'd arm the tempest to restrain.
She drops the sword, and Anarchy's wild hand
Waves the red torch of ruin o'er the land.
Tho' her strong forts, and stronger hosts oppose
A dreadful barrier to assailing foes,
Domestic fury arm'd with civic rage,
Beyond the inroads of a Vandal age,
Spreading sad desolation's cruel sway,
Sweeps every trace of ancient worth away;
Rears slaughter's pile where slavery's fabric stood,
And stains fair Freedom's cause with blameless blood.

O

REMARK WORTHY OF ATTENTION.

AMIDST all the vices and all the enormities of the Algerine Turks (a people distinguished for violence and rapacity, and almost every species of cruelty) some good qualities are observable. The most abandoned wretch never presumes to utter the name of God in vain, or add it, by way of decoration, to his ribaldry.

When will this be said, even of men who glory in their superior light and information?

A FISHERMAN.

Dwelt in a little hovel by the river side,—patience was pictured in his features, indolence in his gait, industry in his front, and in his eye anticipation—unacquainted with letters, unskilled in artifice, save in the line of his profession;—mild in his nature, though a natural advocate for liberty. He had a wife and three little ones—Mary was thrifty as well as faithful; by spinning she procured some few luxuries, but then her "humble wishes never learnt to stray." It was her sole pride to nourish with tenderness her infants; to have a clean hearth, a sparkling fire, and a church to appear decent. Oh! hateful ambition, was it not for thee we should all of us travel placidly through the valley of life; war would cease to devastate, and angelic peace wanton on the plain.

INSTANCE OF BENEVOLENCE.

TWO boats set out from Dover in stormy weather, to assist a vessel in distress: one, containing three sailors, was overset; one of the sailors sunk immediately to the bottom, the others were struggling for life. When a rope was thrown to one of them from the men in the other boat, he refused it, crying out, "Fling it to Tom, he is now ready to sink, and I can last sometime longer." They did so, Tom was drawn into the boat; and then the rope was flung to the generous tar, just in time to save him from being drowned.

IN Dr. GREGORY's charming little work, "A Father's Legacy to his Daughter," is an observation well worth the present attention of the fashionable fair:—"The finest bosom in nature (says he) is not so fine as that which imagination forms." It is needless to make the application.

A HUSBAND'S APOLOGY.

However stoutly you maintain
That damages are solid gain,
My duel, I contend, was right:
What are horns given for, but to fight?

ODE TO APOLLO.

On an Ink-glass almost dried in the Sun.

PATRON of all those luckless brains,
That, to the wrong side leaning,
Indite much metre with much pains,
And little or no meaning,

Ah why, since oceans, rivers, streams,
That water all the nations,
Pay tribute to thy glorious beams,
In constant exhalations,

Why, slooping from the noon of day,
Too covetous of drink,
Apollo, hast thou stol'n away
A poet's drop of ink?

Upborne into the viewless air,
It floats a vapour now,
Impell'd through regions dense and rare,
By all the winds that blow.

Ordain'd, perhaps, ere summer flies,
Combin'd with millions more,
To form an iris in the skies,
Though black and foul before.

Illustrious drop, and happy then
Beyond the happiest lot
Of all that ever pass'd my pen,
So soon to be forgot!

Phœbus, if such be thy design,
To place it in thy bow,
Give wit, that what is left may shine
With equal grace below. [COWPER.]

THE EMIGRANT'S GRAVE.

Attributed to the honourable WM. SPENCER.

WHY mourn ye? why strew ye those flow'rets
around, (vance?)
To yon new-fodded grave as your flow steps ad-
In yon new-fodded grave, (ever dear be the ground)
Lies the stranger we lov'd, the poor exile from
France.

And is the poor exile at rest from his woe?
No longer the sport of misfortune and chance?
Mourn on, village mourners, my tears too shall
flow,
For the stranger ye lov'd, the poor exile of France.

Oh! kind was his nature, though bitter his fate,
And gay was his converse, tho' broken his heart.
No comfort, no hope, his own heart could elate;
Though comfort and hope he to all could impart.

Ever joyless himself in the joys of the plain,
Still foremost was her mirth, and pleasure to raise,
And sad was his soul, yet how blithe was his strain,
When he sung the glad song of more fortunate
days!

One pleasure he knew—in his straw-cover'd shed,
For the snow-beaten beggar his faggot to trim,
One tear of delight he could drop on the bread
Which he shar'd with the poor, though still poorer
than him.

And when round his death-bed profusely we cast
Ev'ry gift, ev'ry solace our hamlet could bring,
He blest us with sighs we thought were his last,
But he still had a pray'r for his Country and King.

Poor exile adieu! undisturb'd be thy sleep,
From the feast, from the wike, from the village-
green dance,
How oft shall we wander by moonlight to weep
O'er the stranger we lov'd, the poor exile of France.

To the church-going bride shall thy mem'ry im-
part
One pang, as her eyes on thy cold relics glance,
One flower from her garland, one tear from her
heart,
Shall drop on the grave of the exile of France.

GANGANELLI.

THE Letters of Ganganelli, Pope Clement 14, breathe so pure a spirit and display so various, agreeable and valuable talents, that if, when we commence the perusal, we view the Author, merely as a Catholic in the cloister, a humble Friar, a Cardinal, or in the exalted rank of Pope, we meet with a pleasing disappointment.

Ever faithful to the cause of Popery, he was unassuming and a friend of the virtues, whether treasured in the heart of a Protestant or Catholic. His religion was founded on a delicacy of sentiment which is not seen in the empire of persecution, and morals inculcated by him are in a high degree alluring. Alike open, cheerful and liberal, he possessed in no common degree, those charities which command our admiration, love and esteem.

The following anecdotes of him may not prove unacceptable.

"Though every town in Italy had some men of genius, who owed their instruction to Ganganelli, he wished to remain immured in his Cloister; but his talents could not be concealed, and he must have soon risen to be General of his Order, if he had not assiduously prevented his Brethren from giving their voices in his favor; though, at the same time, their implicit confidence in him was such, that he generally obtained their votes for whomsoever he thought the most capable: and Father Colombini declared, that he owed the honour of being General to the recommendation of Ganganelli.

"Familiar conversation, amusing books, and solitary walks, were his usual relaxations, when he found himself exhausted by intense studies. As if merit alone was not a sufficient title to the admiration of contemporaries and posterity, something marvellous must be introduced into the characters of great men; and in such a country as Italy, it is not surprising that the prophecy of a Friar should gain credit, who is said to have come to Ganganelli, during one of his solitary walks, and falling at his feet, to have begged his benediction, as he foresaw that he would one day be Pope; telling him, at the same time, that he would die a violent death.

"Though Ganganelli was much of a Recluse, he was visited in his Cell by the most eminent for rank and learning; and familiarity of genius recommended him to the agreeable Lambertini, (Benedict XIV.) who appointed him one of the Council of the Holy Office, observing, that he joined an amazing memory to extensive learning; and what is more agreeable, added he, he is a thousand times more modest than the most ignorant, and so cheerful, that it could not be supposed that he had ever lived in retirement.

"One day, when Ganganelli was going to Assisi, where the Founder of his Order was born and buried, he joined a Countryman upon the road. After an hour's conversation, the Peasant, who had been very attentive, said, *It is a pity that you are only a Lay-Brother* (judging from the negligence of his dress) *for it appears to me, that if you had studied, you might have been another Sixtus Quintus. I have his picture at home, and I think you have just his look.*

"It was high time that Honours should come in quest of Ganganelli, who had always so solicitously avoided, that a kind of compulsion was necessary to make him accept them. The appreciators of true merit being willing to do credit to the Sacred College, recommended him to Clement XIII. by telling him, that Ganganelli was most humble, learned, and diligent, and that it would be doing honour to the Purple to make him Cardinal.

"The Sovereign Pontiff was easily prevailed upon. Besides its being agreeable to have worthy people recommended to him, he knew the merits of the Counsellor of the Holy Office, both from his own observation and the attention of his predecessor Benedict XIV.

"Cardinal Rezzonico, the Pope's Nephew sent immediately to the Convent of the Holy Apostles for Ganganelli, that he might announce the intentions of the Pope.

"After having asked him, if he was conscious to himself that he had discharged his duty properly, and had nothing to reproach himself with, he proceeded to tell him, in a manner sufficient to intimidate him, "that a number of things had been said of him to the Holy Father;—that from the dread of his being too much affected with it, he hesitated to inform him of the orders of his Holiness; but he could not help letting him know that it was the Pope's pleasure, that he should absolutely—; *as, absolutely—be made Cardinal.*"

"Ganganelli was astonished at the unravelling of the suspense he was thrown into by the manner of the Cardinal, who made him imagine, at first, that somebody had prepossessed his Holiness against him; and falling at his feet, said, *It is no affectation of humility, but a perfect conviction of my own unworthiness, which engages me to declare to you, that this promotion will do no credit to his Holiness, and will raise envy against me, which must disturb my quiet. If the Pope wishes to dignify our Order with the Purple, there are more than ten persons in our House, who, in every respect, are more deserving of this singular favour.*

"The Cardinal replied, that his Holiness, having foreseen his unwillingness, had positively ordered him to submit, under pain of disobedience. Ganganelli could no longer refuse, and went trembling to acquaint the Brotherhood with the news. His Holiness, says he, *has appointed me a Cardinal, but do not you startle at this new dignity. I will continue always to live with you, like one of yourselves, always as your friend and servant, nor shall you ever perceive that I have changed my condition.*

"An English Peer, who frequently visited him, used to say, *I cannot find the Cardinal Ganganelli; I see only an humble Friar.*

"It is said that a General of one of the Religious Orders, having been to visit him, left a bill upon his table for four thousand Roman crowns, payable at sight; he immediately sent it after him, declaring positively, that he knew no other riches but Poverty: besides, it would lay him under obligations, and he was unwilling to contract any new engagements.

"Neither the closeness of his retirement, nor the assiduity of his application, made any impression upon the natural gaiety of Ganganelli. Every man, says he, *has some wealth which is his natural inheritance, and mine is cheerfulness, which is the only patrimony my parents left me, but which I value more than all the treasures of this world.*"

A POOR Arabian of the desert, ignorant as most Arabians are, was one day asked, how he came to be assured that there was a God. "In the same way," replied he, "that I am able to tell by the print impressed on the sand, whether it was a man or a beast that passed that way."

EPIGRAM.

I'VE read your first poetic scroll,
And on it have my judgment past;—
Well, tell me, friend?—Upon my soul,
I think, it should have been your last.

[Port Folio.]

Hanover, N. H.

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